be ready: something's finally coming out
en préparation anticipant
La Nauséabonde Parade Jubilaire En Scaterade Pour Tout Brave CAQⒶ
(ceci n'est aucunement qu'une simple masquerade)

inaugurée par la récitation de son tentativement poofect manifesteault.

our universe, or the entirety of existence collectively observed and discovered by humankind, may someday validly and commonly be described (just hear me out) as a simultaneous transcendental inner experiencing of its own seemingly infinitely accelerating expansion along a handful of space-time dimensions from beginning to end, with varying degrees of density in said infinity throughout, even probably containing black holes inside of other black holes' space-time bubbles, with said experiencing perhaps happening through one or more of the suspected theoretical supplemental dimensions described by modern physics researchers, which, from what i remember, is or are rolled, or wrapped, around each coordinate of space-time, perhaps both requiring and permitting its entire material expression to in fact be contained within the same weightless,

spaceless, and timeless single coordinate known as complete void.

in other words: the centre of the universe is everywhere in the universe... and it inhabits all of its inhabitants, idly, lovingly, and forgivingly omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent, by means of our combined mutual sensorial blessings, permitting the mutual wisdom known as killing one with kindness, due to experiencing nirvana before one's death, inside chaotic entropy by perhaps more mathematically necessary than intelligent design permitting free will along our evolutionary paths...

thus rendering each and every life in it as equal to any other, regardless of any differences observed by any single life form about oneself or any other.

i see dead people... but usually on tv (whispered)

good enough asmr? how did that chill feel?

that was a ghost!

guess where i want to be when i die... melded with the centre of the universe, same as all the friends i both did and didn't get to meet. forever.

anyway, i can get behind that theory...

prove me wrong...

your challenge is likely to be refuted.

yooooooooooooo.

creation itself's mysterious plan, everyone: being in and of itself the greatest ever anarchist shit disturber, accessible to all by means of access to all. don't even dare trying to hack that thing. way too admirable a being!

if i can even just see starlink shining down through the haze, can i make a wish?

don't shoot the messenger.

it gives a whole new meaning, or maybe the OG meaning, to:

par lui, avec lui et en lui, à toi, dieu le père tout-puissant, dans l'unité du saint-esprit, tout honneur et toute gloire, pour les siècles des siècles...

how could we ever forget?! after all, what's written on this province's license plates?

essentially, just like jesus died saying: it is finished.

what a relief!

how about naming the universe together?

i'd call it... quantum zero.

i swear on quantum zero that i have NEVER knowingly consumed LSD, nor any stronger substance... who still needs that stuff when we've had the beatles online for free, teaching us for so long now?

before i begin, i would like to kindly remind everyone that i wish to remain sufficiently pseudonymous. in other words, no leaking!

in fact, the real joke about all of this nonsense is that although my body seemingly defeated infectious crohn's disease over the course of about two decades, therefore my remaining shoddy digestive microbiome health needs to be considered each time i choose what to eat, just shy of some 40 years of profoundly sought inner peace and clarity, i now finally feel so happy to be here, in front of you, and most importantly alive, all thanks to absolute units of heroism among members of the government's most crucial service offered, all of those 12 years ago!

no complaints. really... sushi rules.

yeah... free sushi for life, to all of us!

if you ever feel like you're having more trouble than you think you should finding your way into the super cozy place kept for you in my open heart, all i can say is: wait for supper time; i tend to follow the NOMAD diet, which employs the acronym for near one meal a day, occasionally followed by late night 2nd breakfast, from practicing which, after 5 long years, i am adapted to the potentially coming food scarcity, but i don't suggest that you try the same. seriously. help find solutions to it instead.

so you can probably imagine: given all that i already leak due to such illness, which isn't always a shade of only two different colours... never mind. TMI. there exists such a notion as too shitty a joke, worthy of being politely kept to oneself.

just an attempt to initially justify this kind of childish humour, despite it being so relatable to all that it even makes babies laugh. i actually have been sent the most agreeably cutest proof...

or, proopf?

what was POTUS the golden cheeto's great-grandfather's last

name again?

if you wish to, repeat his chilling nightmare scenario summoning incantation after me: drumpf

now, from each pointed-to area of the audience: repeated a-cappella, each using different notes, at a one second interval since each point!

ready?

(point 4-5 times)

oh look, all too many times, again: a big man baby, just like some people say about me.

sometimes, equality can be pretty difficult to accept.

and, i really am sorry. it's not just my disdain for regular bathing and/or my excuse of reducing my water consumption... especially on hotter days, i tend to just rapidly reek in this way... i'm sorry!

ok, get ready, now: the coming shit show of sacrilegiously egalitarian spiritual comedy might get pretty raw and pretty real, or like many friends like to say: muy loco! just like you, and definitely just like me...

without further ado, allow me to present:

CAQⒶ de gogo (sung like a

briefly yawned gregorian chant)

a title so openly true and vile it may as well count as trademark theft from a coco chanel eau de toilette! literal toilet water!

liste de vocabulaire pré-traduit:

conclusion

volunteer! join the poople's orifice of protection! not like ontario's POO: quebec's very own POOP... formerly known as the peaceful peoples' united love/liberation front (or, ppullf, great ally of elf, alf, sea shepherd, etc)

pardon? en français, cette fois?

popopulace orificielle ordonnant sa protection

amen, be well, good luck, peace, long life, and aside from keeping it real, my friends, most importantly: please all be and remain such beautiful poople!

kind regards,
pawpa cawca 1

semi-secret founder of le CAQⒶ
in the hopes of capably advising the

near-impossible selection of the next dalai llama, but perhaps someday we can instead all access living nirvana together.

i pledge to someday properly indicate the meaning of my newly adopted affectionate nickname.

hint: poopoo pope

to finish, now, let me get all pooprah on you:
see this glorious shit mask i've been wearing?
well guess what: how about YOU get a shit mask!? and then, YOU get a shit mask! and, YOU get a shit mask.
in fact, collectively, we can make enough shit masks for everybody! we all get a shit mask!

(throw shit masks into the audience)

ahahahahahaha! (swaying arms upward wildly with my hugest possible shit-eating grin)

OK! let's get this immense shit show on the road! next stop: alberta! see you there, or smell you later, my lovelies!

mangeons tous un hostie de marde, exorcé d'allergènes!

J'AI FINI! 💩 (sitting in mid air)